

he, after riding a good way, and finding himself pretty well rested, got off, and pursued the rest of his journey on foot. He first, however, led the poor ass to a fine turf of grafs, by the side of a clear pool, and there left him to enjoy himself.

“ As he was walking on, he could not help reflecting on the goodness of Providence, who had that day made him so useful to others, and in consequence of which, others had been so useful to him. He now no longer doubted, but that God had created one creature for the use of another. He was indulging himself in these sentiments till his own home appeared at a distance; but how shall I express our little traveller’s affright, when, on looking round him, he saw a mad bull running furiously at him.

“ Our poor little traveller ran as fast as he could, but the bull gained fast upon him, and would certainly have

overtaken him, had not the little spaniel he had fed in the morning bit the ox’s legs, and thereby drew off his attention from one object to another, which gave our traveller time to make his escape, and get home, when the little dog came to him, fawned upon him, and our traveller afterwards kept him as long as he lived.”

As soon as Amintor had finished reading this story, Florella could hardly help crying. She knew not which most to admire, the goodness and humanity of the little traveller, or the ample recompences he received for all his good actions. “ What a deal of pleasure he must take (said Florella) in that pretty little dog that saved him from the horns of the furious ox? And I dare say, he often visited the hollow tree, which saved him from the effects of that dreadful storm.”

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